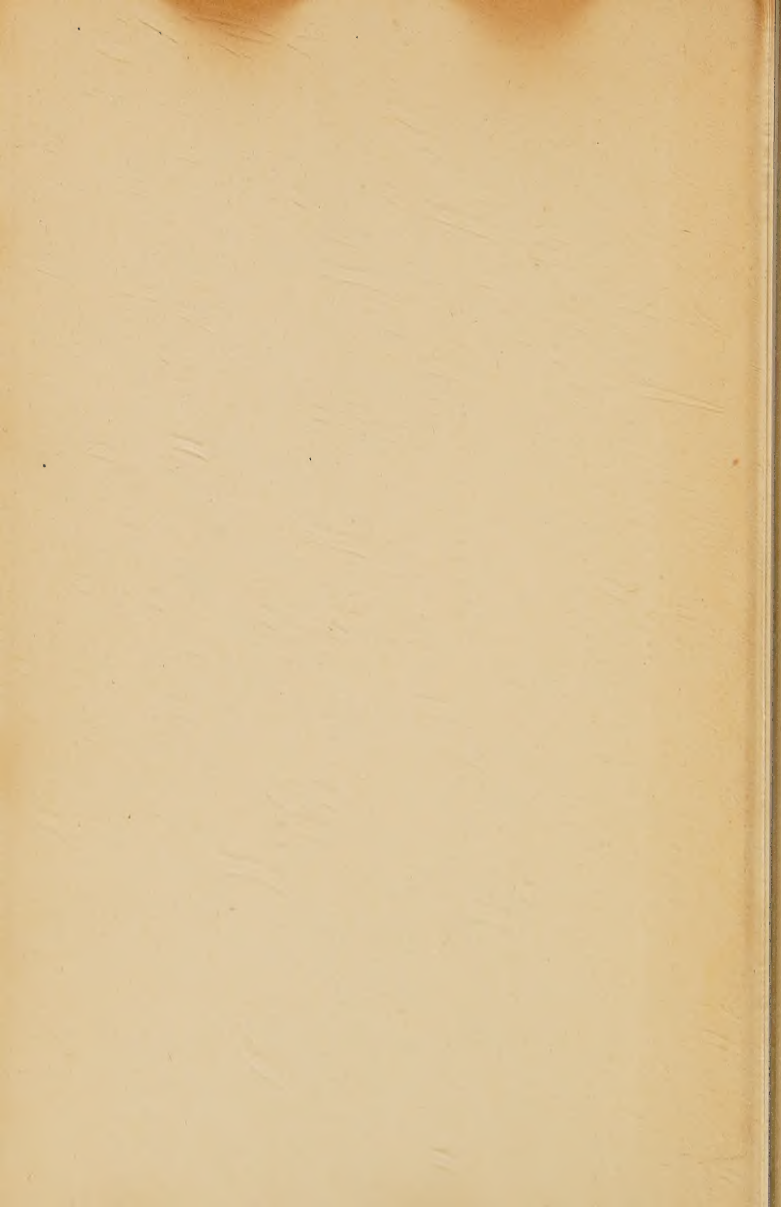


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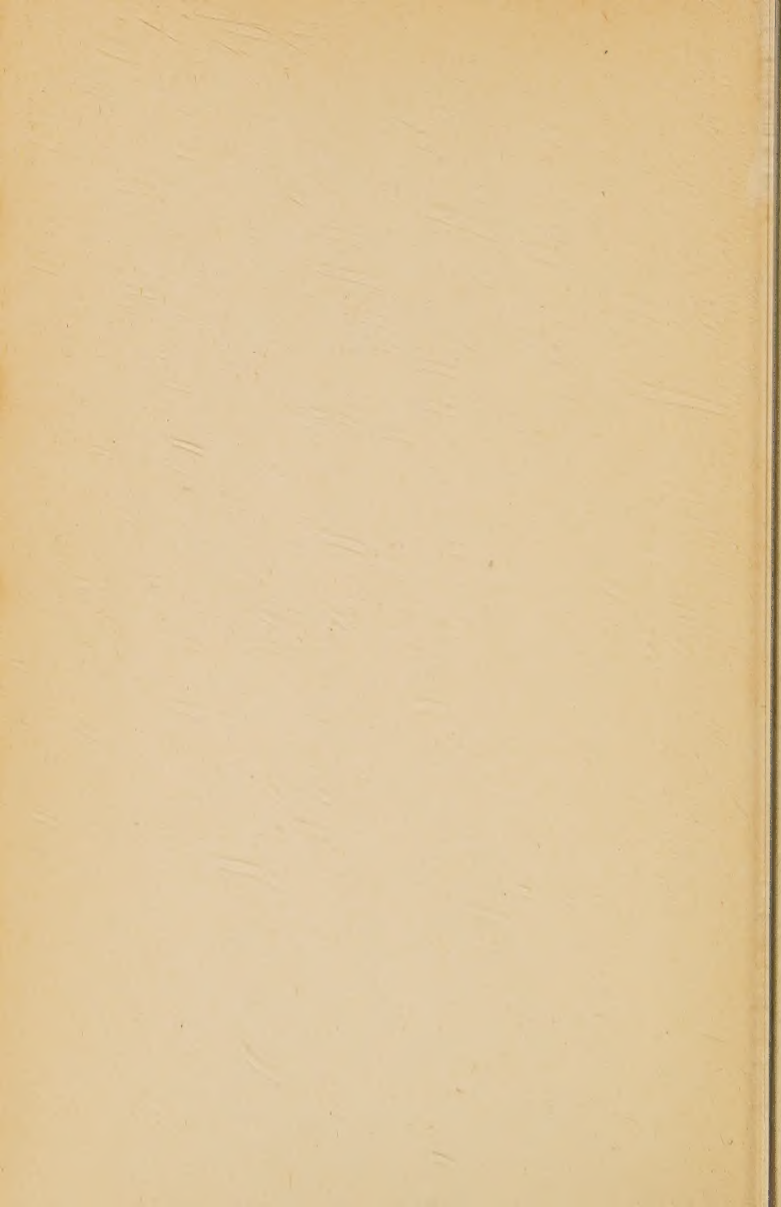
ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA

EDITED BY
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

YALE UNIVERSITY
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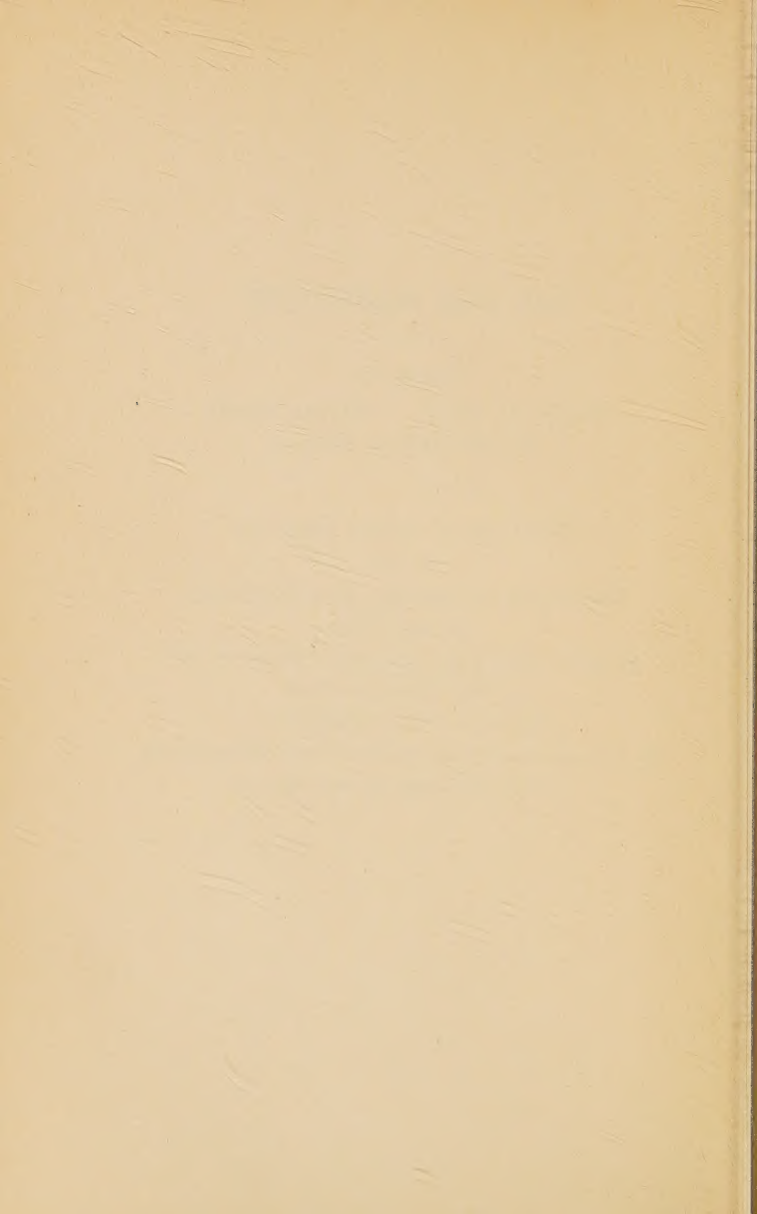
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· ∴ *The Yale Shakespeare* ∴ ·

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

EDITED BY

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



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The facsimile opposite represents the opening of 'The Life of Marcus Antonius' from the 1595 edition of Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. This edition is probably that used by Shakespeare.

THE LIFE OF

Marcus Antonius.



*Antonius per-
centage.*

• Because that
by his death
he ended the
warre in which
he was engaged.
and made
peace with
the Romans.
The liberalitie
of Antonius
father.



ANTONIUS grandfather was that famous Orator whom *Marius* slew, because he tooke *Syllas* part. His father was an other *Antonius* surnamed *Cretan*, who was not so famous, nor bare any great sway in the common wealth: howbeit otherwise he was an honest man, and of a very good nature, and specially very liberall in giving, as appeareth by an act he did. He was not very wealthy, and therefore his wife would not let him use his liberalitie and franke nature. One day a friend of his comming to him to pray him to helpe him to some money, having great neede: *Antonius* by chance had no money to give him, but he commaunded one of his men to bring him some water in a silver basin, and
after

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS, }

EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *Friends to Antony*

MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *Friends to Cæsar*

MENAS,
MENEKRATES,
VARRIUS, } *Friends to Pompey*

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar*

CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony*

SILIUS, *an Officer under Ventidius*

EUPHRONIUS, *a Schoolmaster*

ALEXAS,
MARDIAN,
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } *Attendants on Cleopatra*

A Soothsayer

A Clown

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony*

CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } *Attendants on Cleopatra*

Officers. Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire*

The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[*Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace*]

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn 4
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, 8
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look! where they come.

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd 12
Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. 16

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

4 plated: *armored*
12 triple: *one of three; cf. n.*

8 reneges: *renounces*
16 bourn: *boundary*

Enter a Messenger.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me; the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows 20

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;

Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love! 24

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like;

You must not stay here longer; your dismissal

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? 28

both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messen- 32

gers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life 36

Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*]

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,

On pain of punishment, the world to weet

We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40

18 Grates: *irritates*

23 Take in: *conquer* enfranchise: *set free*

26 dismissal: *discharge from office*

31 homager: *humble servant*

35 dungy: *vile*

28 process: *command*

34 rang'd: *ordered*

39 weet: *know*

Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, 44
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! 48
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger, but thine; and all alone, 52
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

*Exeunt [Antony and Cleopatra,] with
the Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight? 56

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

Exeunt.

45 confound: *consume*
60 approves: *justifies*

58 property: *quality*

Scene Two

[*Another Room*]

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, 4 which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will? 8

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 12

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee. 16

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old. 20

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than belov'd. 24

Scene Two S. d. Rannius, Lucillius; *cf. n.*

4-6 O! that I knew . . . garlands; *cf. n.*

13 banquet: *dessert and wine*

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, 28
and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty,
to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage; find
me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and com-
panion me with my mistress. 32

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach. 36

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have
no names; prithee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, 40
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes. 44

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-
night, shall be,—drunk to bed. 48

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if
nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth
famine. 52

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful

30 Herod of Jewry; *cf. n.*

31 marry . . . Cæsar; *cf. n. on V. ii. 168*

prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. 56
 Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said. 60

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it? 64

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heaven mend!
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune. O!
 let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet 68
Isis, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give
 him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the
 worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,
 fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*, hear me this 72
 prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more
 weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
 of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see 76
 a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly
 sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded:
 therefore, dear *Isis*, keep decorum, and fortune
 him accordingly! 80

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to
 make me a cuckold, they would make themselves
 whores, but they'd do 't! 84

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

57 worky-day: *ordinary*

68 that cannot go: *that cannot have children*

72 cuckold: *husband with an unfaithful wife; cf. n. on I. ii. 4-6*

Char. Not he; the queen.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here? 88

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam! 92

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger [and Attendants].

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

*Exeunt [Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras,
Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants].*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field. 96

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar, 100

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On; 104
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lay death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force 108
Extended Asia; from Euphrates
His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia: whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,— 112

Mess. O! my lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults 113

With such full licence as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile. 120

Mess. At your noble pleasure. *Exit Messenger.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

[*First Att.*] The man from Sicyon, is there such
an one?

[*Sec. Att.*] He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. 124

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger, with a letter.

What are you?

[*Sec. Mess.*] Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she? 128

[*Sec. Mess.*] In Sicyon: 128

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Giving a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.

[*Exit Second Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us 132

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

120 earing: *ploughing*

133-135 the present pleasure . . . itself; cf. n.

By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on. 136
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir? 140

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if
they suffer our departure, death's the word. 144

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women
die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though between them and a great cause they 148
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-
ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I
have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer
moment. I do think there is mettle in death 152
which commits some loving act upon her, she
hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack! sir, no; her passions are made 156
of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We
cannot call her winds and waters sighs and
tears; they are greater storms and tempests
than almanacs can report: this cannot be 160
cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of
rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a won- 164
derful piece of work which not to have been
blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

168

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacri- 172
fice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the
wife of a man from him, it shows to man the
tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that
when old robes are worn out, there are members 176
to make new. If there were no more women
but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with
consolation; your old smock brings forth a new 180
petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion
that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence. 184

Eno. And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you; especially that of
Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your
abode. 188

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone 192
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius 196
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver

180 smock: an inner garment worn by women

183 broached: begun

191 expedience: expedition

Till his deserts are past—begin to throw 200
 Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier, whose quality, going on, 204
 The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breed-
 ing,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires 208
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Three

[*Another Room*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does;

I did not send you: if you find him sad,

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report 4

That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not? 8

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.

204 main: *chief* quality: *character*
 206 the courser's hair; cf. *n.*

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear. 12
But here comes Antony.

Enter Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature 16
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go? 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O! never was there queen 24
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

'Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, 28

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going, 32

But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying
 Then was the time for words; no going then:
 Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
 Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts so poor 36
 But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst
 know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile, but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy 44
 Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to
 strength, 48

Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten; 52
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is Fulvia's death. 56

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
 freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

33 su'd staying: *begged to stay*

36 brows bent: *the arch of the eyebrows*

48 scrupulous faction: *cautious party strife*

53 purge: *restore itself to activity, seek cure*

55 safe: *make safe*

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60
 The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
 See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
 Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see, 64
 In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The purposes I bear, which are or cease
 As you shall give the advice. By the fire 68
 That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
 Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
 But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well; 72
 So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear,
 And give true evidence to his love which stands
 An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
 I prithee, turn aside and weep for her; 76
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
 Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
 But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
 How this Herculean Roman does become 84
 The carriage of his chafe.

61 garboils: *brawls*

71 affect'st: *art inclined*

82 target: *shield*

68, 69 By the fire . . . slime; *cf. n.*

81 meetly: *fairly good*

84, 85 How this Herculean . . . chafe; *cf. n.*

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it; 88

That you know well: something it is I would,—

O! my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you 92

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,

Since my becoming's kill me when they do not 96

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. 104

Away! *Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House*]

*Enter Octavius [Cæsar], reading a letter, Lepidus,
and their Train.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate

90, 91 O! my oblivion . . . forgotten; *cf. n.*

96 becoming's: *graces*

97 Eye well: *look well*

Our great competitor. From Alexandria
 This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes 4
 The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find
 there 8

A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness;
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven, 12
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
 Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change
 Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
 To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet 20
 With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes
 him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear 24
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
 Call on him for 't; but to confound such time 28
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,

3 competitor: *partner*

19 keep the turn of: *to take turns at*

24 foils: *disgraces; cf. n.*

11 enow: *enough*

22 composure: *disposition*

31 rate: *scold*

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure, 32
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done, and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea, 36
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less. 40
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body, 44
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, 48
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt; 52
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once 56

44 Comes dear'd: *becomes valued*

46 lackeying: *following closely like a lackey*

52 Lack blood: *grow pale* flush: *vigorous*

56 wassails: *revelry*

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60
 Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink
 The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; 64
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on; and all this— 68
 It wounds thy honour that I speak it now—
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly 72
 Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
 Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council; Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar, 76
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter, 80
 It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know
 meantime
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

62 stale: urine gilded: of a golden color
 71 lank'd not: did not become shrunken

Cæs.
I knew it for my bond.

Doubt not, sir;

Exeunt.

Scene Five

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam!

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam? 4

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O! 'tis treason.

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure? 8

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught a eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections? 12

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done; 16
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men. He's speaking now, 24

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black, 28

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground I was

A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow; 32

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath 36

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 40

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,

'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot, 44

To mend the petty present, I will piece

22 wot'st: *knowest*

29 Broad-fronted: *with a broad forehead*

33 aspect: *look*

24 burgonet: *steel cap*

37 tinct: *color*

Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed, 48
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What was he, sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry. 52

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry, 56
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60
So does it no man else. Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony, 64
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O! that brave Cæsar.

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis! 68
Say the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon, 72
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away;
Get me ink and paper: 76
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene One

[*Messina. A Room in Pompey's House*]

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays 4
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: 8
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

73 salad days: *days of youthful inexperience*
10 crescent: *growing (like the crescent moon)*
auguring: *prophesying*

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make 12
No wars without doors; Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus 16
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks 24
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver: 28
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think 32
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring 36

21 Salt: *wanton* wan'd: *withered*
26 prorogue: *defer*; cf. *n.*

36 opinion: *self-esteem*

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together;
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar, 40
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all 44
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
selves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up 48
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. *Exeunt.*

Scene Two

[*Rome. A Room in Lepidus' House*]

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him, 4
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time 8
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion; 12
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenus, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, 16
Mæcenus; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble partners,—
The rather for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms, 24
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. *Flourish.*

Cæs. Welcome to Rome. 28

7, 8 Were I the wearer . . . to-day; *cf. n.*

9 stomaching: *resenting*

25 curstness: *ill humor*

15 compose: *come to a settlement*

27 I should do thus; *cf. n.*

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then. 32

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you 36
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you? 40

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd? 44

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war. 48

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather 52

Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters

43 practise on: *plot against*

state: *government*

44 intend: *mean*

46-48 Your wife and brother . . . war; *cf. n.*

54 stomach: *inclination*

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, 56
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so; 60
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 64
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 68

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted 72
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet; for that you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you 76
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, 78
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want 80
Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow

67, 68 The third o' the world . . . wife; cf. *n.*

78 missive: messenger

Be nothing of our strife; if we contend. 84

Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak: 88

The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd
them,

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty 96
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do 100
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 104
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenus.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you

shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more. 112

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone. 116

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew 120
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar.

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, 124
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness. 128

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts 132
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak 136
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies which now seem great,

116 your considerate stone; cf. n.
121 stanch: firmly united

119 conditions: characters

And all great fears which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing; truths would be tales 140
 Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
 Would each to other and all loves to both
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 144
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,' 148
 To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand; 152
 Further this act of grace, and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother 156
 Did ever love so dearly; let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
 Pompey, 160
 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me; I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;

139 import: *carry with them*

144, 145 For 'tis . . . ruminated; *cf. n.*

158, 159 and never . . . again; *cf. n.*

140, 141 truths . . . truths; *cf. n.*

At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's: 164
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea 168
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness; 172
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me. 176

*Flourish. Exeunt [all save] Enobarbus,
Agrippa, Mæcenas.*

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæ-
cenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus! 180

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of coun- 184
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true? 188

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report 192 be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my re- 196 porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold, 200
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster, 204
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 208
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool, 212
And what they undid did.

Agr.

O, rare for Antony!

195 pursed: *took possession of, pocketed*

206 beggar'd: *exhausted the resources of*

208 O'er-picturing: *surpassing the picture of*

209 outwork: *excel in workmanship*

213 And what they undid did; *cf. n.*

212 glow: *to make hot*

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings; at the helm 216
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 220
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her, and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, 224
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper; she replied 228
 It should be better he became her guest,
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast, 232
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once 236

Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth. 240

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

214-218 Her gentlewomen . . . hands; *cf. n.*

214 Nereides: *sea nymphs*

233 ordinary: *dinner*

219 yarely: *nimbly*

239 That: *so that*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety; other women cloy 244
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish. 248

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 252
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
Exeunt.

Scene Three

[*A Room in Cæsar's House*]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them
[with Attendants].

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia, 4
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report;
 I have not kept my square, but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Oct. Good night, sir. 8

Cæs. Good night.

Exeunt [Cæsar and Octavia].

247 Become themselves: *are becoming*
 6 square: *due proportion or bounds (in action)*

248 riggish: *wanton*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

Thither!

12

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth.

I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet

Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant.

Speak to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine? 1^a

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side;

Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

20

Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore

Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to
thee.

24

If thou dost play with him at any game

Thou art sure to lose, and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit

28

Is all afraid to govern thee near him,

But he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

Exit [Soothsayer].

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,

32

He hath spoken true; the very dice obey him.

13, 14 in My motion: intuitively or instinctively
27 thickens: grows dim

32 hap: chance

And in our sports my better cunning faints
 Under his chance; if we draw lots he speeds,
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine 36
 When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O! come, Ventidius, 40
 You must to Parthia; your commission's ready;
 Follow me, and receive 't. *Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*A Street in Rome*]

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenus, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you
 hasten
 Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress, 4
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mæc. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
 My purposes do draw me much about: 8
 You'll win two days upon me.

35 speeds: *is successful*

37, 38 his quails . . . at odds; *cf. n.*

2 Your generals after: *after your generals*

36 still: *constantly*

Mæc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }

Lep. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Scene Five

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Alexas [and Attendant].

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

Attend.

The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian. 4

Cleo. As well a woman with a eunuch play'd
 As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't
 come too short, 8

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there—

My music playing far off—I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce 12

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver 16

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

3 billiards; *cf. n.*

Cleo. That time—O times!—
 I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy;
 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, 24
 That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead! if thou say so, villain,
 Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
 If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here 28
 My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
 But, sirrah, mark, we use 32

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will; 36
 But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony
 Be free and healthful, so tart a favour
 To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
 snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

22 tires: head-dresses

38 so tart a favour: so sour an appearance

23 his sword Philippan; cf. n.

41 formal: ordinary

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him, 44
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever. 48

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet!'
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth 52
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with
Cæsar;

In state of health, thou sayst; and thou sayst, free. 56

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian!

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
Strikes him.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head: 64

She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee, 68
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam. 72

Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.

Draws a knife.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
self;

The man is innocent. 76

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call. 80

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[Exit Charmian.]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.

Enter [Charmian, and] the Messenger again.

Come hither, sir. 84

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty. 88

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there
still? 92

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O! I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me 96
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend
you;

To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal; he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O! that his fault should make a knave of
thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence;
The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome 104

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now. 108
 Lead me from hence;
 I faint. O Iras! Charmian! 'Tis no matter.
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years, 112
 Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[Exit Alexas.]
 Let him forever go:—let him not—Charmian!—
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, 116
 The other way's a Mars. [To Mardian.] Bid you
 Alexas
 Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
 But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
Exeunt.

Scene Six

[Near Misenum]

Flourish. Enter Pompey [and Menas,] at one door, with drum and trumpet; at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mæcenus, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
 And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
 That first we come to words, and therefore have we
 Our written purposes before us sent; 4
 Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
 That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three, 8
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods: I do not know
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar, 12
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
 Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus, 16
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it
 Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden 20
 The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
 sails; 24
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
 How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, 28
 Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—
 For this is from the present—how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh 32
 What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,

10 factors: *agents*
 13 ghosted: *haunted*
 26 o'er-count: *outnumber*

10-14 I do not . . . him; *cf. n.*
 24 fear: *frighten*
 27 o'er-count: *over-reach; cf. n.*

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send 36
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targets undinted.

Cæs.

Ant.

Lep.

Pom.

} That's our offer.

Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd 40
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows, 44
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand: 48
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to
you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last, 52
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here. 56

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and
let's 60

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:

But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar 64

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard;
And I have heard Apollodorus carried— 68

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive 72

Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye 76
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
 It nothing ill becomes thee.
 Aboard my galley I invite you all: 80
 Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. }
Ant. } Show us the way, sir.
Lep. }

Pom. Come.

Exeunt [all except Enobarbus and Menas].

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
 made this treaty. You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think. 84

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise 88
 me; though it cannot be denied what I have
 done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your 92
 own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
 give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had 96
 authority, here they might take two thieves
 kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er
 their hands are. 100

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a
 true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you. 104

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to

a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back 108 again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra? 112

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus 116 Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit 120 together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose 124 made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too; but you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together 128 will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is 132 Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove 136 the immediate author of their variance. Antony

will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will 140 you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

Exeunt.

Scene Seven

[*On board Pompey's Galley off Misenum*]

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

4

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, 'No more'; reconciles 8 them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in 12 great men's fellowship; I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

139 occasion: *opportunity for advantage*

5 alms-drink: *the leavings*

7, 8 As they pinch . . . disposition; *cf. n.*

13-15 I had as lief . . . heave; *cf. n.*

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, 16
and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes
where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster
the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey,
Lepidus, Agrippa, Mæcenus, Enobarbus, Menas,
with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the
Nile 20

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman 24
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus. 28

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of
your mud by the operation of your sun; so is
your crocodile.

Ant. They are so. 32

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to
Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll
ne'er out. 36

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll
be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptole-
mies' pyramises are very goodly things; without 40
contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

16-19 To be called . . . cheeks; *cf. n.*

19 S. d. sennet: *set of notes played on a trumpet.*

22, 23 dearth Or foison: *scarcity or plenty*

Pom. Say in mine ear; what is 't?

Men. Whispers in's ear. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, 44
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as 48
broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it
is, and moves with it own organs; it lives by
that which nourisheth it; and the elements
once out of it, it transmigrates. 52

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet. 56

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him,
else he is a very epicure.

Pom. Go hang sir, hang! Tell me of that?
away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes. 64

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's
else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

50 it own: *its own*

51 elements: *substances of its body*

52 transmigrates: *its soul passes to another body*

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What sayst thou? 68

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well? 72

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha 't.

Pom. Show me which way. 76

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, 80

And not have spoke on 't. In me 'tis villainy;

In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;

Mine honour it. Repent that e'er thy tongue 84

Hath so betray'd thine act; being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done,

But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this, 88

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,

Pompey. 92

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why? 96

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world,
man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were
all,

That it might go on wheels! 100

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels,
ho! 104

Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; 108

But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To Antony.*] Ha! my brave emperor;
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha 't, good soldier. 112

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

97 A': he

108 Possess: be master of(?)

111 Bacchanals: dances in honor of Bacchus

114 steep'd: saturated

Eno.

All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music; 116
The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing,
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

*Music plays. Enobarbus places them
hand in hand.*

The Song.

'Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round, 124
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night.
Good brother,

Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part; 128
You see we have burnt our cheeks; strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night. 132

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony!

You have my father's house,—But, what? we are
friends.

Come down into the boat.

116 Make battery to our ears: *let the music beat upon our ears.*

118 holding: *burden or chorus*

121 pink eyne: *blinking eyes*

122 fats: *wine vats*

127 Let me request you off: *let me request you to leave*

132 Antick'd: *made us all like buffoons*

Eno.

Take heed you fall not. 136

[*Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony,
and Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men.

No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd! sound
out! 140*A flourish [of trumpets] with drums.*

Eno. Hoo! says a'. There's my cap.

Men. Hoa! noble captain! come.

Exeunt.

ACT THIRD

Scene One

[*A Plain in Syria*]*Enter Ventidius, as it were in triumph, [with Silius
and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers;] the
dead body of Pacorus borne before him.*Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
nowPleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus. 4

Sil.

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither 8
The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony

1-5 Now, darting Parthia . . . Marcus Crassus; cf. n.

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven.

O Silius, Silius!

I have done enough; a lower place, note well, 12
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won 16

More in their officer than person; Sossius,

One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. 20

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss

Than gain which darkens him. 24

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence

Should my performance perish.

Sil.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier, and his sword, 28

Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

That magical word of war, we have effected;

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks, 32

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia

We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil.

Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what
haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit, 36

We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along.

Exeunt.

20 by the minute: every moment

34 jaded: driven exhausted

36 with's: with us

Scene Two

[*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House*]

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What! are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus, 4
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O! how he loves Cæsar.

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony! 8

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird! 12

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, 'Cæsar,' go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot 16

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; hoo!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

3 sealing: concluding their agreements

6 green sickness: biliousness

11 nonpareil: one that has no equal

12 Arabian bird: the phoenix, figurative for 'unique specimen'

16 figures: mathematical figures of the horoscope (?)

17 cast: calculate

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

[*Trumpets within.*] So; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself; 24

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band

Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set 28

Betwixt us as the cement of our love

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter

The fortress of it; for better might we

Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts 32

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you, 36

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful. 44

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia?

20 shards: *wing-cases*

32 mean: *means*

26 band: *security*; cf. *n.*

35 curious: *fastidiously particular*

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart obey her tongue; the swan's down-
feather, 48

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Agrippa.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a
horse; 52

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. 56

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd;
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not 60
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy! 64

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell!

Kisses Octavia.

Ant.

Farewell!

Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

51, 52 He has a cloud in's face . . . horse; cf. n.
57 rheum: cold

58 confound: destroy

Scene Three

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head 4

I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty!

Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome; 8

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low? 12

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and
dwarfish! 16

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life, 20
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive 't. There's nothing in her yet. 24
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow,—

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty. 28

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long or
round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that
are so.

Her hair, what colour? 32

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee:

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again; I find thee 36

19 station: *standing still*

33, 34 and her forehead As low as she would wish it; *cf. n.*

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him, 40
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long! 44

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. 48

Exeunt.

Scene Four

[*Athens. A Room in Antony's House*]

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it 4

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

Scene Four S. d. Athens; cf. n.

3 semblable import: *similar meaning*

4 made his will, and read it; cf. n.

He vented them; most narrow measure lent me; 8
 When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
 Or did it from his teeth.

Oct.

O my good lord!

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, 12
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, 'O! bless my lord and hus-
 band'; 16

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 'O! bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant.

Gentle Octavia, 20

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
 Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour
 I lose myself; better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested, 24
 Yourself shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste,
 So your desires are yours.

Oct.

Thanks to my lord. 28

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift. 32

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal that your love

8 narrow measure lent me: *gave me as little credit as possible*

10 from his teeth: *spoke from his teeth, not his heart*

24 branchless: *destitute*

27 stain: *make dim, eclipse*

Can equally move with them. Provide your going; 36
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

Scene Five

[*Another Room*]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros [meeting].

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars 4
upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him 8
rivality, would not let him partake in the glory
of the action; and not resting here, accuses him
of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey;
upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor 12
third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony? 16

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus: and
spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool, Lepidus!'
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

36 Provide: *make ready for*

6 success: *outcome*

12, 13 so the poor third is up . . . confine; *cf. n.*

9 rivalry: *partnership*

14 chaps: *jaws*

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

24

Eros. Come, sir.

Exeunt.

Scene Six

[*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House*]

Enter Agrippa, Mæcenus, and Cæsar.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this and
more

In Alexandria; here's the manner of 't;
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold 4
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her 8
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exer-
cise. 12

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She 16
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis

22 presently: *at once*

3 tribunal: *raised platform*

9 stablishment: *settled occupation*

1 Contemning: *scorning*

6 my father's son; *cf. n.*

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 20
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily 24
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle; then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate 28
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; 32
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I 36
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord; hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and 44
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust 48
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown, 52
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it 56
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens. 64

Cæs. No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying

51, 52 prevented The ostentation: *anticipated the display*

52, 53 which, left unshown . . . unlov'd; *cf. n.*

61 abstract: *abbreviation, shortening; cf. n.*

The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled 68

Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont; 72
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched, 76
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led 80
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny 84
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers 88
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you; 92
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

93 large: *unrestrained*

95 potent regiment: *powerful rule*

trull: *a lewd woman*

Oct.

Is it so, sir?

96

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience; my dearest sister!

Exeunt.

Scene Seven

*[Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium]**Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.**Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.*Eno.* But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And sayst it is not fit.

Eno.

Well, is it, is it?

4

Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not
we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear 8
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo.

What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already 12
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus a eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo.

Sink Rome, and their tongues rot

Scene Seven S. d. the Promontory of Actium; *cf. n.*3 forspoke: *spoken against*5, 6 If not denounc'd . . . person?; *cf. n.*5 denounc'd: *declared*13 Traduc'd: *defamed*

That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war, 16

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd 24
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else? 28

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers, 32
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet 36
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace

16 charge: *military command*

25, 26 A good rebuke . . . men; *cf. n.*

36 Ingross'd: *collected* impress: *conscription*

38 yare: *quick, easily handled*

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea. 40

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted 44
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forgo
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea. 48

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, 52
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible; 56
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier! 60

Sold. O noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt

This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we 64

Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,

And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows 68

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led,

And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, 72

Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome

His power went out in such distractions as 76

Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes
forth 80

Each minute some.

Exeunt.

68, 69 but his whole action . . . on't; cf. n.

76 distractions: *detachments, separate bodies*

80, 81 With news the time's . . . some; cf. n.

Scene Eight

[*A Plain near Actium*]*Enter Cæsar [and Taurus] with his army, marching.**Cæs.* Taurus!*Taur.* My lord?*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed 4

The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies

Upon this jump. *Exeunt.**Enter Antony and Enobarbus.**Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place 8

We may the number of the ships behold

And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt.**Canidius marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-fight.**Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.**Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.

The Antoniads, the Egyptian admiral, 12

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;

To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.**Scar.*

Gods and goddesses

All the whole synod of them!

6 jump: *venture*12 admiral: *flagship*8 battle: *line of battle*15 synod: *assembly*

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost 16
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt, 20
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June, 24
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony, 28
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before 32
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well: 36
O! he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?

Why, then, good night, indeed.

16 cantle: *part* 19 token'd pestilence: *the plague with its marks*
20 ribaudred: *wanton* (?) 24 breese: *gadfly*
27 loof'd: *luffed, meaning here, probably, 'turned aside'*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled. 40

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow 44
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene Nine

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't;
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship 4
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone; 8
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon: 12
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will 16

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway; 20
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now:
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. 24

Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and [Iras,]

Eros [following].

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno! 28

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam! 32

Iras. Madam; O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir!

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck 36
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter. 40

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
 He is unqualitied with very shame. 44

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!

39 Dealt on lieutenantry: fought by proxy
 44 unqualitied: divested of his manly qualities

40 squares: squadrons

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue. 48

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes 52
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well 56
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60
Command me.

Cleo. O! my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd, 64
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon! 68

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. 72

52-54 How I convey . . . dishonour; *cf. n.*

63 palter: *use tricks*

69 rates: *is of equal value with*

Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
Exeunt.

Scene Ten

[*Egypt. Cæsar's Camp*]

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, [Thyreus]
with Others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, 4
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter [Euphronius] Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends 8
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so. Declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted, 12
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens; this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness, 16
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,

Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs.

For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen 20

Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,

Or take his life there; this if she perform,

She shall not sue unheard. So to them both. 24

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs.

Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus.*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time;
dispatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,

And in our name, what she requires; add more, 28

From thine invention, offers. Women are not

In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we 32

Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks

In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

36

Exeunt.

Scene Eleven

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think, and die.

25 bands: *troops*

34 flaw: *crack (in his fortunes)*

35, 36 And what thou think'st . . . moves; *cf. n.*

Cleo. Is Antony or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled 4
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other, why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, 8
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace. 12

Enter [Euphronius] the Ambassador, with Antony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up?

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't. 16

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose 20
 Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
 Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child as soon 24
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me, declin'd, sword against sword,

5 ranges: *ranks*

10 mered question: *sole ground of dispute (?)*

26 comparisons: *advantages by comparison*

8 nick'd: *cut short*

11 course: *pursue*

27 declin'd: *enfeebled*

Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me. 28

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward 32
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd 36
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What! no more ceremony? See! my women;
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit Servant.*]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord, 44
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony. 48

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master

29 high-battled: *having a lofty command*

30 Unstate: *strip of state and dignity*

32 parcel: *part*

31 sworder: *gladiator*

48 haply: *perhaps*

Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. *So.* 52

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on; right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony 56
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for 64
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff 68
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name? 72

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand; tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel; 76
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can, 80
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, 84
 As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd. 88

Ant. Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods
 and devils!
 Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!
 Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
 And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am 92
 Antony yet.

Enter a Servant.

Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
 whelp
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

77 all-obeying: which all obey
 93 Jack: common fellow

91 muss: scramble

Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries 96

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face 100
And whine aloud for mercy; take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. 104

Exeunt [Attendants] with Thyreus.

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha?
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd 108
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes; 112
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon 116
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure, 120

105 blasted: *withered*

110 boggler: *waverer*

120 Luxuriously: *lustfully*

109 feeders: *dependents*

112 seel: *blind*

Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with 124
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts. O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd; for I have savage cause; 128
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Enter a Servant with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon? 132

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since 136
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment; look thou say 140
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't, 144
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

124 quit: *reward*

126-128 O! that I were Upon the hill . . . herd; cf. *n.*

Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has 148
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes; be gone! 152

Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes 156
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah! dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone 160
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life. The next Cæsarion smite,
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all, 164
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where 168
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.

149 enfranchised: *enfranchised*

153 terrene: *terrestrial*

161 determines: *comes to an end*

171 fleet: *are afloat*

151 quit: *be even with*

157 points: *laces*

165 discandying: *dissolving*

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,
lady? 172

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
(and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord! 176

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, 180
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day: 184

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord. 188

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make death love me, for I will contend 192
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious

Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still, 196

A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

200

Exit.

ACT FOURTH

Scene One

[*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp*]

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenæ, with his Army,
Cæsar reading a letter.*

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know 4
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now 8
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are, 12
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! 16

Exeunt.

Scene Two

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]*Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with Others.**Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.*Eno.* No.*Ant.* Why should he not?*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier, 4

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'*Ant.* Well said; come on. 8

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou;

Thou; and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well, 12

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?*Eno.* [*Aside to Cleopatra.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service

5 or: either 16

So good as you have done.

Servants.

The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night, 20
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Enobarbus.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleopatra.*] To make his followers
weep.

Ant.

Tend me to-night; 24

May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you 28
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, 32
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno.

What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho! 36

Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire
you 40

To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come, 44
And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

Scene Three

[*Before the Palace*]

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

First Sold. Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way; fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news? 4

Sec. Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

They meet other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night. 8

They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

Fourth Sold. Here we:

[*They take their posts.*]

And if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

Music of the hautboys is under the stage.

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list! 12

Sec. Sold. Hark!

12 S. d. hautboys: wooden double-reed instruments of high pitch

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
lov'd, 16

Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

[*They*] speak together.

Omnes. How now!—

How now!—do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is 't not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you
hear? 20

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how 't will give off.

Omnes. Content.—'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

16, 17 'Tis the god Hercules . . . leaves him; cf. n.

21 have quarter: *occupy positions*

2 chuck: *chick, a term of endearment*

Enter Eros [with armour].

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is 4
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well; 8
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please 12
To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love!
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st 16
The royal occupation, thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome;
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime, 20
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

Shout. *Trumpets flourish.*

13 daff: put off
22 riveted trim: armor

15 tight: able
23 port: gate

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general. 24

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said. 28

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;

This is a soldier's kiss. [*Kisses her.*] Rebukeable

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee 32

Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

Exeunt [*Antony, Eros, Captains,
and Soldiers*].

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar

might 36

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now.—Well, on. *Exeunt.*

Scene Five

[*Alexandria. Antony's Camp*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros [*a Soldier
meeting them*].

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier 4
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp 8
Say, 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What sayst thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it; 12
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O! my fortunes have 16
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch. Enobarbus!

Exeunt.

Scene Six

[*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp*]

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus
and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

4

[*Exit.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa 8
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *Exeunt [Cæsar and his Train].*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on 12
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest 16
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony 20
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you. 24

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor 28
Continues still a Jove. *Exit.*

6 three-nook'd: *three-cornered (comprising Europe, Asia, Africa)*
26 saf'd: *conducted safely*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most. O Antony!
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid 32
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I
 feel. 36

I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. *Exit.*

Scene Seven

[*Field of Battle between the Camps*]

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. *Enter Agrippa.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums. *Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed! 4
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire. 8

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
 Room for six scotches more.

34 blows: *swells*

2 our oppression: *the force by which we are overpowered*

6 clouts: *bandages*

9 bench-holes: *privy holes*

10 scotches: *gashes*

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs, 12
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. *Exeunt.*

Scene Eight

[*Under the Walls of Alexandria*]

Alarum. *Enter Antony again in a march; Scarus,*
with Others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; run one be-
fore

And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all; 4
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, 8
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus.*] Give me
thy hand:

Enter Cleopatra [attended].

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, 12
 Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the
 world!

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords! 16

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though
 grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'
 we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
 Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day 24
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled 28

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
 Had our great palace the capacity 32

To camp this host, we all would sup together
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear, 36
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,

12 fairy: charmer
 31 owe: own

15 proof of harness: strength of armor
 37 tabourines: drums

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Scene Nine

[*Cæsar's Camp*]

Enter a Sentry and his Company; Enobarbus follows.

First Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was 4
A shrewd one to's.

Eno. O! bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record 8
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Third Sold. Peace!

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy, 12
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault, 16
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!

2 court of guard: *guard house*

13 disponge: *squeeze as from a sponge*

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver and a fugitive.
 O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.]

Sec. Sold. Let's speak to him. 24

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swounds rather; for so bad a prayer as
 his

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him. 28

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drums afar off.

Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour 32
 Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;
 He may recover yet. *Exeunt [with the body].*

Scene Ten

[Between the two Camps]

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

20 in thine own particular: as far as you are concerned
 30 raught: seized

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot 4
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city
 Shall stay with us; order for sea is given,
 They have put forth the haven,
 Where their appointment we may best discover 8
 And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
 Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, 12
 And hold our best advantage! *Exeunt.*

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine
 does stand
 I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
 Straight how 'tis like to go. *Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built 16
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers
 Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts, 20
 His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
 Of what he has and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder 24
 They cast their caps up and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou

10 But being: *unless we are*

21 fretted: *checkered*

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; 28
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly; be gone.

[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more;
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here 32
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd, 36
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, 40
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
 What, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell. Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love? 44

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 48
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. *Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone, 52

29 charm: *enchantress*

40 crownet: *coronet*

50 diminutives: *insignificant persons*

34 spaniel'd: *followed like a spaniel*

41 right: *true*

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me, 58
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die: 60
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
 fall
 Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho! *Exit.*

Scene Eleven

[*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are
 dead. 4

The soul and body rive not more in parting
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony,' 8
 And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence,
 Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.
 To the monument! *Exeunt.*

57 Alcides, thou mine ancestor; *cf. n.*

1, 2 O! he is more mad . . . Thessaly; *cf. n.*

3 emboss'd: *foaming at the mouth*

60 worthiest: *noblest*

5 rive: *are torn*

Scene Twelve

[*Another Room*]*Enter Antony and Eros.**Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros.*

Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock, 4
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world
 And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these
 signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord. 8

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
 thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is 12
 Even such a body: here I am Antony;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine, 16
 Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
 A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

8 vesper's: *evening's*10 rack dislimns: *the moving cloud mass causes to lose its outlines*19 Pack'd cards: *made a fraudulent arrangement*

Enter Mardian.

O! thy vile lady;

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled 24
With thine entirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!

She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst 28
do

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake

Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony; it was divided 32

Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead, then?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep. [*To Mardian.*] That thou de-
part'st hence safe, 36

Does pay thy labour richly; go. *Exit Mardian.*

Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

The battery from my heart. O! cleave, my sides;

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40

Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and 44

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture; since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles 48
 Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
 Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze; 52
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros! Eros!

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods 56
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60
 Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come,—which now
 Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me 64
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come.
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st. 68
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see 72

48, 49 yea, very force . . . strength; cf. n.

49 seal: bring to a conclusion

52 port: bearing, demeanor

63 exigent: emergency

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded 76
His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir! pardon me. 80

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent sérvices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come. 84

Eros. Turn from me then that noblè countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once 88

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell. 92

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then; thus do I escape the sor-
row
Kills himself.

Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what 96

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me
 A nobleness in record; but I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100
 As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
 [Falls on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
 The guard, ho! O! dispatch me.

Enter [Dercetas and] Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise? 104

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an
 end.

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fallen.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I. 108

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. *Exeunt [Guard].*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
 This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings, 112
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
 and give me 116

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a proph-
esy fear 120

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead; 124

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I
prithee. 128

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you. 132

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome 136

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up;
 I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all. 140

Exeunt, bearing Antony.

Scene Thirteen

[*A Monument*]

*Enter Cleopatra and her maids aloft, with Charmian
 and Iras.*

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
 But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, 4
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
 As that which makes it.

Enter [below] Diomedes.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument; 8
 His guard have brought him thither.

Enter [below] Antony [borne by] the Guard.

Cleo. O sun!

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in; darkling stand
 The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
 Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
 help; 12

Help, friends below! let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony 16
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. 20

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, 36
Wishers were ever fools. O! come, come, come;

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

25 brooch'd: adorned

29 Demuring: *looking demurely*

28 still conclusion: *quiet inference*

39 Quicken: *come to life*

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel, 44
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius. 48

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts 52
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to 56
My countryman; a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O! see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*]

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O! wither'd is the garland of the war, 64
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Swoons.*]

Char.

O, quietness, lady! 68

44 housewife: *kussy*
66 the odds is gone; *cf. n.*

65 pole: *pole-star, guiding star*

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char.

Lady!

Iras.

Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras.

Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*!

72

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks

And does the meanest chares. It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

76

To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin

80

To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look!

84

Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart;—

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,

And make death proud to take us. Come, away;

88

This case of that huge spirit now is cold;

Ah! women, women. Come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

*Exeunt, [those above] bearing
off Antony's body.*

75 chares: chores, tasks

85 sirs; cf. n.

ACT FIFTH

Scene One

[*Alexandria. Cæsar's Camp*]

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcenæ, with
[Gallus, Proculeius, and Others,] his Council of
War.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
dar'st 4

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up and spoke
He was my master, and I wore my life 8
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou sayst? 12

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack; the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets, 16
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice, 20
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword; 24
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is, 28
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us 32
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance 36
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament, 40
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war, 44
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
 Unreconciliable, should divide
 Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,— 48

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
 The business of this man looks out of him;
 We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress, 52

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart; 56
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable and how kindly we
 Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! 60
Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
 We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require,
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke 64
 She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. 68

Exit Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]

Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

Agr. } Dolabella!
Mæc. }

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready. 72
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see 76
What I can show in this. *Exeunt.*

Scene Two

[*The Monument*]

*Enter [aloft,] Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and
Mardian.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great 4
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's. 8

Enter [below,] Proculeius [Gallus, and Soldiers].

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony 12

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him, 16
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
 You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing.
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over 24
 On all that need; let me report to him
 Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
 A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him 28
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
 Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady: 32
 Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
 Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[*Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates, discovering the lower room of the monument.*]

23 Make . . . reference: refer the whole matter
 27, 28 A conqueror . . . kneel'd to; cf. n.

[*To Proculeius and the Guard.*] Guard her till Cæsar
come. 36

[*Exit.*]

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself; let the world see 44
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O! temperance, lady. 48

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I 52
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry 56
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius, 64
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee; as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best; be gentle to her. 68
 [*To Cleopatra.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you
 shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Exit Proculeius.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me. 72

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
 You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
 Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony: 76
 O! such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein
 stuck
 A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
 lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; 84
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights 88
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,— 92

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such, 96
It's past the size of dreaming; nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine
An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. 100
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites 104
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

85 quail: *overpower*

92 plates: *pieces of money*

97-99 nature wants stuff . . . fancy; *cf. n.*

88-90 his delights . . . in; *cf. n.*

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,— 108

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't. *Flourish.*

[*Within*] 'Make way there!—Cæsar!'

Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mæcenus and Others of his Train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. 112

Cleopatra kneels.

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts; 116

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well 120

To make it clear; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce: 124

If you apply yourself to our intents,—

Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking 128

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. 132

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra. 136

Cleo. [*Giving a Scroll.*] This is the brief of
money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam. 140

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, 144

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve 148
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See! Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does 152
Even make me wild. O slave! of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd. What! goest thou back? thou
shalt

134 scutcheons: *shields of armorial bearings*

139 Not petty things admitted: *except for trifles*

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
 Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain,
 dog! 156

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this,
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness 160
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy. Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, 164
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce 168
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus.*] Prithee, go
 hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits 172
 Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
 [*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-
 thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall, 176
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

162 Parcel the sum: *sum up*

165 Immoment toys: *trifles of no importance*

166 modern: *ordinary*

169 unfolded: *betrayed*

176-178 and, when we fall . . . pitied; *cf. n.*

164 lady: *feminine*

168 Livia; *cf. n.*

173 chance: *fortune*

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours, 180
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
 queen; 184

For we intend so to dispose you as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend; and so, adieu. 188

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
 should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done, 192
 And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;

Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Dolabella! 196

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Which my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
 Intends his journey; and within three days 200

You with your children will he send before.
 Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
 Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

204

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Exit [Dolabella].

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves

208

With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras.

The gods forbid! 212

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rimers

Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us, and present

216

Our Alexandrian revels. Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness

I' the posture of a whore.

Iras.

O, the good gods! 220

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer

224

Their most absurd intents.

213 lictors: *officials attendant on Roman magistrates*

214 scald: *mean*

218, 219 and I shall see . . . greatness; *cf. n.*

220 posture: *behavior*

Enter Charmian.

Now Charmian,

Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go. 228
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
[*Exit Iras.*] *A noise within.*
Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow 232

That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.* What
poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty. 236
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown [bringing in a basket].

Guard. This is the man. 240

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clo. Truly, I have him; but I would not 244
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal; those that do
die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on 't? 248

Clo. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday;
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of 252
honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what
pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good
report o' the worm; but he that will believe all
that they say shall never be saved by half that 256
they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's
an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clo. I wish you all joy of the worm. 260

[*Sets down the basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clo. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell. 264

Clo. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for
indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded. 268

Clo. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clo. You must not think I am so simple 272
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman; I know that a woman is a dish for the
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great 276

257 fallible: *mistake for 'infallible'*

263 do his kind: *act according to his nature*

harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clo. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the 280 worm. *Exit.*

[*Enter Iras, with a robe, crown, &c.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me; now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. 284
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 288
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done? 292
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part, 296
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. 300

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may
say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss 304

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O! couldst thou speak, 308
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied.

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! 312

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay—

Dies.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well. 316
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phæbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry; 320
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*]

O! come apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee. 324

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well;
Cæsar's beguil'd.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;
call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is
this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess 328
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah! soldier.

Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming 332
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within,*] 'A way there!—a way for Cæsar!'

Enter Cæsar and all his Train marching.

Dol. O! sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last, 336
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman that brought
her figs: 340
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

First Guard. O Cæsar!
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood, 344

And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony 348
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown;
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-
leaves 352
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite 356
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it 360
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall, 364
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *Exeunt omnes.*

349 toil: *net*356 conclusions: *experiments*350 vent: *effusion*blown: *swollen*360 clip: *enfold*

FINIS

NOTES

I. i. 12. *triple pillar of the world*. A reference to the triumvirate, Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, then governing the Roman world. 'After the murder of Cæsar (44 B. C.) . . . Antony conceived the idea of making himself sole ruler . . . Brutus refused to surrender . . . and Antony set out to attack him in October, 44 B. C. But at this time Octavian, whom Cæsar had adopted as his son, arrived from Illyria, and claimed the inheritance of his "father." Octavian obtained the support of the Senate and . . . Antony was defeated at Mutina (43 B. C.) where he was besieging Brutus. The consuls, Aulus Hirtius and C. Vibius Pansa, however, fell in the battle, and the Senate became suspicious of Octavian, who . . . entered Rome at the head of his troops, and forced the Senate to bestow the consulship upon him. . . . Meanwhile Antony escaped . . . effected a junction with Lepidus, and marched towards Rome with a large force of infantry and cavalry. Octavian betrayed his party, and came to terms with Antony and Lepidus. The three leaders . . . adopted the title of *Triumviri reipublicæ constituendæ* as joint rulers. Gaul was to belong to Antony, Spain to Lepidus, and Africa, Sardinia, and Sicily to Octavian. . . . [The East was held for the Republic by Brutus and Cassius.] In the following year (42 B. C.) Antony and Octavian proceeded against the conspirators Cassius and Brutus, and by the two battles of Philippi annihilated the senatorial and republican parties. Antony proceeded to Greece, and thence to Asia Minor, to procure money for his veterans and complete the subjugation of the eastern provinces. On his passage through Cilicia in 41 B. C.

he fell a victim to the charms of Cleopatra, in whose company he spent the winter in Alexandria. At length he was aroused by the Parthian invasion of Syria [by Labienus and Pacorus] and the report of an outbreak between Fulvia his wife and Lucius his brother, on the one hand, and Octavian on the other.' *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'Marcus Antonius.'

I. ii. S. d. *Rannius, Lucillius*. These characters take no part in the dialogue and do not appear again in the play.

I. ii. 4-6. *O! that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands*. The sooth-sayer apparently has been saying that Charmian will deceive her husband when she gets him. This, in the current Elizabethan phrase, was to make a cuckold of him, to give him invisible horns. That the horns were to be wreathed with garlands is a reflection, perhaps, upon the guile of Charmian.

I. ii. 30. *Herod of Jewry*. The Herod of the New Testament, with a slanting reference in the context to the Three Kings from the East and their adoration of the infant Jesus.

I. ii. 107. *Labienus*. Labienus, a republican general and therefore opposed to Antony (cf. I. i. 12, note), had united with Pacorus (cf. III. i. 1-5, note) and his Parthians, and had harried Syria and Asia Minor.

I. ii. 133-135. *The present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become The opposite of itself*. What is pleasure (in this case the hope that Fulvia might die) revolves and becomes the opposite.

I. ii. 206. *the courser's hair*. It was an old belief that a hair from a horse's tail or mane when thrown into water would sometimes take life and become a worm.

I. iii. 68, 69. *By the fire that quickens Nilus' slime*. The reference is to the sun.

I. iii. 84, 85. *How this Herculean Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.* How this descendant of Hercules becomes the mere vehicle of his irritation. Cleopatra is teasing Antony.

I. iii. 90, 91. *O! my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am all forgotten.* My memory deserts me like Antony; or, perhaps, 'I forget myself in thinking of Antony.'

I. iv. 24. *foils.* Many editors have substituted the word *soils*, with the same meaning.

I. v. 48. *arm-gaunt.* No very satisfactory explanation of this word has been offered. It is, perhaps, a misprint, possibly for 'rampaunt.'

II. i. 26, 27. *That sleep and feeding may proroque his honour Even till a Lethe'd dulness!* That with too much sleeping and eating any thought of his honor may be deferred until it sinks into dull forgetfulness. Lethe was the river of forgetfulness.

II. ii. 7, 8. *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard, I would not shave 't to-day.* I would permit Cæsar to 'beard me,' that is, to defy me, if he dared.

II. ii. 27. *I should do thus.* Apparently Antony either embraced, or shook hands with, Cæsar.

II. ii. 46-48. *Your wife and brother Made wars upon me, and their contestation Was theme for you, you were the word of war.* The passage is probably corrupt. *Was theme'd for you*, and *Was then for you* have been suggested as emendations. The context indicates that the meaning is, 'their contestation drew its cause from you; you were the excuse for their going to war.' See especially ll. 98-102 of the present scene.

II. ii. 67, 68. *The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle You may pace easy, but not such a wife.* You may control your share of the world as

easily as you can pace a good horse with a snaffle bit, but not such a wife.

II. ii. 116. *your considerate stone.* I shall be thoughtful, but as dumb as a stone.

II. ii. 140, 141. *truths would be tales Where now half tales be truths.* True reports of differences between you would be regarded as tales, where now mere rumors are regarded as truth.

II. ii. 144, 145. *For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, By duty ruminated.* For it is an idea suggested by duty and carefully considered, not a casual thought.

II. ii. 158, 159. *and never Fly off our loves again.* And may our loves never fly apart again.

II. ii. 213. *And what they undid did.* While cooling her cheeks they made them glow with apparent warmth.

II. ii. 214-218. *Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, And made their bends adornings.* Deighton paraphrases as follows:—‘the mermaids (*sic*) waited upon her, ever observant of her wishes as shown by her looks, and lent fresh beauty to the picture by the grace with which they paid their homage.’ It is possible, however, that by the phrase *tended her i' the eyes* Shakespeare had reference to the bow, where are the eyes, or hawse holes, for the tackle. North writes in the translation of Plutarch which Shakespeare used, ‘some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge.’ *the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands.* At the touch of their hands the ropes swell with delight.

II. iii. 37, 38. *his quails ever Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.* His quails, fighting within a hoop, or ring, beat mine, even when the odds are against them.

II. v. 3. *let's to billiards.* An anachronism. Bil-

liards are not known to have been played in the Roman period.

II. v. 23. *his sword Philippan.* The sword which Antony had worn at the battle of Philippi.

II. v. 103. *That art not what thou'rt sure of.* The probable meaning is, 'thou art not the cause of that unwelcome information of which thou art so sure.'

II. vi. 10-14. *I do not know Wherefore my father should revengers want, Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar, Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted, There saw you labouring for him.* Why should my father, who has a son and friends, go unrevenged, when you labored at the battle of Philippi in the cause of the dead Julius Cæsar.

II. vi. 27. *Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.* Antony, in the days of Julius Cæsar, had professedly bought the property of Pompey senior, but actually confiscated it.

II. vii. 7, 8. *As they pinch one another by the disposition.* As they irritate one another by references to subjects upon which one or the other is sensitive (?).

II. vii. 13-15. *I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.* A weapon that cannot be lifted is no more valuable than a reed. Lepidus' position does him little service since he is not great enough to fill it.

II. vii. 16-19. *To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.* To occupy an important position without doing anything is as bad as an empty socket where there should be an eye.

III. i. 1-5. *Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus*

Crassus' death Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus. The Parthians, who were famed for their shooting of arrows, especially when in retreat, had defeated and slain the Roman proconsul Marcus Crassus and later under Labienus and Pacorus (cf. note on I. ii. 107) had ravaged Asia Minor and Syria. Their defeat by Ventidius, with the slaying of Pacorus, son of the king Orodes, avenged the Roman dead.

III. ii. 26, 27. *as my furthest band Shall pass on thy approof.* As the greatest security I can give shall be ventured on your conduct.

III. ii. 51, 52. *He has a cloud in's face.* Eno. *He were the worse for that were he a horse.* A horse without a white mark, or star, on his forehead was supposed to have a mischievous or dogged disposition. He was said to have a cloud in his face.

III. iii. 3. *Herod of Jewry.* Herod, king of the Jews, was presented as a fierce blusterer in the miracle plays.

III. iii. 33, 34. *and her forehead As low as she would wish it.* Low foreheads were not esteemed in Shakespeare's day, especially among the ladies. The words 'as low as she would wish it' are ironical.

III. iv. S. d. *Athens.* Antony married Octavia in 40 B. C. and took the eastern half of the Roman empire for his province. In 32 B. C. he repudiated Octavia, and in the same year war was declared by Octavius, against Cleopatra. The battle of Actium in 31 B. C. and the capture of Alexandria in 30 B. C., with the death of Antony and Cleopatra, immediately succeeded. There is, therefore, a space of about eight years between Act II, Scene 2 and Act III, Scene 4. Within this period came the agreement with Pompey, a renewal of the triumvirate, and a war with the Parthians in which Antony was unsuccessful.

III. iv. 4. *made his will, and read it.* This is a mistake on Shakespeare's part. It was Antony's will that Cæsar took out of custody, read publicly, and criticised.

III. v. 12, 13. *so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.* This may be paraphrased: 'so the weak third member of the triumvirate is done for, until death set him free.'

III. vi. 6. *my father's son.* Octavius Cæsar was a grandnephew of Julius Cæsar, but had been adopted by him as heir. Cæsarion was son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra.

III. vi. 52, 53. *which, left unshown, Is often left unlov'd.* This may be paraphrased: 'Love, like mine, when it is not displayed, often fails to develop itself.'

III. vi. 61. *Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.* That is, Octavia's departure shortened the interval between Antony and Cleopatra, the object of his lust. Theobald and other editors read 'obstruct' in the sense of 'obstruction,' but the reference seems to be to 'which' in l. 60 rather than to Octavia.

III. vii. S. d. *the Promontory of Actium.* Actium is on the west coast of Greece above the Peloponnesus. The Antony of history seems to have chosen to fight here by sea, either because his army was short of provisions and declining in morale, or, and more probably, because the control of the Eastern Mediterranean was essential in order to safeguard his power over Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor.

III. vii. 5, 6. *If not denounc'd against us, why should not we Be there in person?* The meaning is, even if the war is not declared against us, i.e., Cleopatra, there is no reason why we should not be there in person. Historically, the war was declared against Cleopatra, not Antony.

III. vii. 25, 26. *A good rebuke, Which might have well becom'd the best of men.* This may be para-

phrased: 'The best of men might so have rebuked me.'

III. vii. 68, 69. *but his whole action grows Not in the power on 't.* Perhaps this means: 'but his whole action develops not according to the power (Antony's ability and resources) on which it should be based.'

III. vii. 80, 81. *With news the time's with labour, and throes forth Each minute some.* This may be paraphrased: 'The time gives birth each minute to some piece of news.'

III. ix. 52-54. *How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour.* This may be paraphrased: 'How I carry my shame out of thy sight by looking back toward the career I have left behind me, now destroyed by dishonour.'

III. x. 35, 36. *And what thou think'st his very action speaks In every power that moves.* This may be paraphrased: 'And what thou think'st his actions themselves indicate as to his state of mind.'

III. xi. 126-128. *O! that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar The horned herd.* An allusion (most improbable for the historical Antony) to Ps. 22. 12. There is a play upon *horned* as a symbol of a husband deceived by his wife.

IV. iii. 16, 17. *'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.* 'This opinion (that the Antonii were descended from Hercules) did Antonius seeke to confirme in all his doings; not onely resembling him in the liknesse of his bodie . . . but also in the wearing of his garments.' North's *Plutarch*.

IV. iv. 25. *'Tis well blown, lads.* The reference may be either to the trumpets, or to the morning.

IV. x. 57. *Alcides, thou mine ancestor.* Hercules. Cf. note on IV. iii. 16, 17. For Lichas and the shirt of Nessus, see the story of Hercules.

IV. xi. 1, 2. *O! he is more mad Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly.* 'That is, than Ajax Telamon for the armour of Achilles, the most valuable part of which was the shield. "The boar of Thessaly" was the boar killed by Meleager.' Steevens.

IV. xii. 48, 49. *yea, very force entangles Itself with strength.* Power to go on merely interferes with the strength to die.

IV. xii. 99. *A nobleness in record.* That is, they have gained an advantage in nobility over him in the record of great deeds. Cf. III. xi. 46, 'And earns a place i' the story.'

IV. xiii. 66. *the odds is gone.* 'There is now no longer any difference between youth and age, high and low, rich and poor.' Furness.

IV. xiii. 85. *sirs.* Sometimes used in addressing women.

V. i. 2, 3. *Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks The pauses that he makes.* Being so utterly defeated, he makes mockery of the time he uses for delay.

V. ii. 6-8. *Which shackles accidents and bolts up change, Which sleeps and never palates more the dug, The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.* This may be paraphrased: 'Death, which prevents further accidents and stops change; death, the beggars' nurse and Cæsar's, which makes man like a babe who sleeps and cares no more for the breast of its mother.' The First Folio has *dung* for *dug*, but this has been generally though not universally emended.

V. ii. 27, 28. *A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness Where he for grace is kneel'd to.* Freely paraphrased this means, 'A conqueror who, if he is asked for grace, will help you to obtain it.'

V. ii. 88-90. *his delights Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above The element they liv'd in.* Ap-

parently this means that even as the dolphin shows his back above water, so Antony's superiority was always shown in the pleasures in which he indulged.

V. ii. 97-99. *nature wants stuff To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy.* Nature cannot compete with fancy in devising strange forms; yet when she imagined an Antony she presented a piece worth entering against the best that fancy could do.

V. ii. 168. *Livia.* Livia was wife of Octavius Cæsar. He married her in 38 B. C. Charmian's wish (I. ii. 31), that she might marry Octavius and be companioned with her mistress, came three years earlier.

V. ii. 176-178. *and, when we fall, We answer others' merits, in our name, Are therefore to be pitied.* If 'merits' be taken, as Dr. Johnson suggested, 'in an ill sense,' to mean 'demerits,' this passage becomes comprehensible.

V. ii. 190. *he words me.* The narrative in Plutarch makes it clear that Cleopatra in this scene intended to deceive Cæsar by her seeming desire to keep much of her wealth. She hoped to delude him into thinking that her purpose was no longer suicide. Plutarch says of Cæsar, 'So he tooke his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeede he was deceived himself.' There is at least an intimation that Seleucus was playing a part in collusion with Cleopatra.

V. ii. 218, 219. *and I shall see Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.* The reference is to the boys who took women's parts in the Elizabethan theatre. Their voices sometimes cracked.

APPENDIX A

SOURCE OF THE PLAY

Shakespeare took the story of *Antony and Cleopatra*, much of the characterization, and not a little of the language from Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, Compared Together*, as translated by Sir Thomas North (1st ed. 1579). This most notable among biographies is first of all a study of character and hence lent itself here, as in the case of *Julius Cæsar*, to the purpose of the dramatist.

The story of Antony and Cleopatra as Shakespeare tells it is much abridged from Plutarch. The events between Antony's marriage with Octavia in 40 B. C. and the battle of Actium in 31 B. C. contain little of dramatic interest. Antony's unsuccessful Parthian campaign would have only hindered the narrative; and Shakespeare wisely omits and condenses. Even so, the mosaic of little scenes in the third and fourth acts represents the dramatist's difficulty with a sweep of history so extensive. Shakespeare invents no action of importance; he regarded his source as history, and was faithful to it; but it was not the Roman empire and its fate which interested him. Indeed, his view of the Roman world and the problems of a vast international organization is quite without comprehension, as one would expect from an inhabitant of a self-contained England just emerging from medievalism. Rather he viewed these adventures of Rome in the East as a romantic setting merely for a great and human story of a lover who loved not wisely, but too well.

In language, as in plot, Shakespeare displays here his accustomed economy. Wherever North's expressive prose may be raised into poetry, he does so with

little change of vocabulary. He tears out words, phrases, sentences from his source, and rebuilds according to his own design. Sometimes the suggestions in North are so good that the dramatist has scarcely improved upon them. But usually his rendering makes all the difference between fair prose and great poetry. Compare the lines in Shakespeare (IV. xiii. 51-58) with this from North:

‘And as for himselfe, that she should not lament nor sorow for the miserable chaunge of his fortune at the end of his dayes: but rather that she should thinke him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes & honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest Prince of the world, & that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Romaine by an other Romaine.’

This represents perhaps the extreme of dependence. A fairer idea of the relationship between the two texts may be gained by considering also this which follows in comparison with III. ix. Here the first sentence, which merely records a dramatic situation, has served as the suggestion for a great scene.

‘When he arrived at the head of Tænarus, there Cleopatras women first brought Antonius and Cleopatra to speake together, . . . Now for himself, he determined to cross over into Africk, & took one of his carects or hulks loden with gold, . . . & gave it unto his friends: commanding them to depart, and to seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither doe it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius verie courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart: and wrote unto Theophilus governour of Corinthe, that he would see them safe, & helpe to hide them in some secret place, untill they had made their way & peace with Cæsar.’

Shakespeare adds only one important personality to the drama, that of the cool and slightly cynical Enobarbus, who in Plutarch is little more than a name. To Cleopatra he gives that nobleness in sensuality and unwithering charm which has made the creature of his imagination far more real than the historical figure of the great queen. Antony gains also. The man himself, as Plutarch conceived of him, was nobler than his deeds. This Shakespeare realized, and without changing the story of his degradation, gives his hero words which reveal the generous emotion and noble mind of a hero. The play lives, however, chiefly because of the seductive splendor of Cleopatra, the most feminine and the most pagan of Shakespeare's women.

APPENDIX B

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

An entry in the Stationers' Register dated May 20, 1608, lists 'A booke Called. Antony and Cleopatra.' It is not certain that this is Shakespeare's play, but probabilities strongly favor such a conclusion. Internal evidence of versification, and the tone and temper of the story alike indicate that *Antony and Cleopatra* was written after *Macbeth*, but before *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus*, which, like the earlier *Julius Cæsar*, were also largely drawn from North's *Plutarch*. We may safely date the play in 1607-1608.

There is no evidence, however, that *Antony and Cleopatra* was printed at this time, nor is there any trustworthy contemporary reference to a performance. Our first real knowledge, and our sole text of *Antony and Cleopatra*, come from the First Folio

of 1623, where it is printed between *Othello* and *Cymbeline*.

Nothing whatsoever is known of the stage history of *Antony and Cleopatra* in Shakespeare's own day. It must have been extraordinarily difficult to find a youth, even among the excellent young actors of the period, who could 'boy' the 'greatness' of Cleopatra. After the Restoration, Dryden's reworking of the story in *All for Love* took its place and held popular favor at least until 1788, when Mrs. Siddons appeared as Cleopatra, and was still being acted as late as 1818. The great actor, Garrick, revived Shakespeare's own tragedy in 1758-1759, but without success. In 1813 Young and Mrs. Faucit gave an acting version of the play at Covent Garden, and in 1833 Macready also revived it, with remarkable scenery, but little popular favor. Phelps included *Antony and Cleopatra* in a series of Shakespeare revivals at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, Clerkenwell, London, in 1849. Thanks, apparently, to Miss Glyn's Cleopatra and to the conscientious acting characteristic of all these revivals, the play was this time well received, and ran for some time. Miss Glyn repeated her success in later years. Although Miss Rose Eytinge, in 1878, Kyrle Bellew, in 1889, and Mme. Modjeska, in 1898-1899, seem to have had fairly successful seasons in America, and Sir F. R. Benson and Ben Greet in later times also presented the play, there was no other really important revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* until Sir Herbert Tree in 1906-1907 rather sumptuously put it on in London. Contemporary criticism, however, gives the impression that it was the splendor of the setting as much as the play itself which drew praise from the audiences. A very satisfactory presentation was that of the New Theatre in New York in 1910, when both cast and scenery were of great excellence. And yet

the best judgment of those who saw the performance was that *Antony and Cleopatra* is not a good acting play. Its fire is too scattering, its plot too broken, and the conflict between the imperial interests of the story and the human interest of the love affair is never entirely resolved. In sum, *Cleopatra* is one of Shakespeare's greatest characterizations, Antony is only less high in the register, certain scenes are among Shakespeare's very best, but the play as a whole lacks that continuity of dramatic interest and unity of situation which are necessary for complete theatrical success.

In all fairness it should be added, however, that *Antony and Cleopatra*, with its profusion of scenes and rapid shift of place, is particularly injured by the usual conditions of modern stage presentation. And it is further prejudiced by the temptation (apparently irresistible) to overload its more triumphant scenes with stage decoration, by which the action is still more impeded. Apparently the play has never had a truly Shakespearean performance since Jacobean days. Professor Ashley H. Thorndike, in *Shakespeare's Theater*, pp. 124-125, presents a scheme by which the third and fourth acts could be given panoramic continuity and rapidity without confusion, by the use of the inner stage and its curtains as they were in the theatre of 1608.

Many other writers have taken the story of *Cleopatra* for dramatic presentation. The theme has been especially popular in France, from the *Cléopâtre Captive* of Estienne Jodelle in 1552, the first tragedy to appear in the French language, on into the nineteenth century, including the version by Marmontel, where an automatic asp hissed at the breast of *Cleopatra* in a day when hissing in the theatre was forbidden. 'Je suis de l'avis de l'aspic,' said a man in the audience, and the play failed. In English.

The Tragedie of Cleopatra, which Samuel Daniel modelled after the tragedies of Seneca, antedates Shakespeare. *The False One*, written by Fletcher and Massinger about 1620, goes back to the 'salad days' of Cleopatra for its story; and so does the *Cæsar and Cleopatra* of Bernard Shaw. But the only play upon this theme which has seriously challenged comparison with Shakespeare is, curiously enough, Dryden's *All for Love*, written in avowed imitation. 'In my stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine Shakespeare,' says Dryden in his Preface, and writes blank verse accordingly; and again and quite truly, 'Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd myself throughout the play.' What he did was to regularize Shakespeare's story by reducing it to unity as the French critics understood the word. It is probable that he did succeed in making a better acting play by his concentration of the story, but the character of Antony suffers degradation, Cleopatra loses her charm, and the whole action of the piece moves on lower levels of poetry and human experience.

A full account of the various dramatic versions of the Cleopatra story may be found in the Appendix to the Variorum edition of H. H. Furness.

APPENDIX C

THE TEXT

There is no known quarto edition of *Antony and Cleopatra*. The earliest edition is, therefore, that of the First Folio of 1623.

The text of the present edition is by permission that of Craig's Oxford Shakespeare, published by the Oxford University Press. Deviations from the Ox-

ford text have been made in a few places, where the reading of the First Folio has been restored, or where a different emendation has been adopted. The stage directions, in general, have been restored to the reading of the First Folio, although the usual modern additions of place of scene have been retained. All such supplementary directions have been inclosed in brackets. Minor changes of spelling and punctuation in the text have not been listed.

The list of departures from the Oxford text follows, Craig's readings being those after the colons:

- I. ii. 52 o'erflowing (o're-flowing F): overflowing
- 119 minds: winds F
- iii. 20 You may go? F: You may go:
- iv. 24 foils F: soils
- 75 we: me F
- v. 50 What was he, sad or merry?: What! was he
sad or merry?
- II. i. 31 farther F: further
- ii. 57 As matter whole you have not to make it with:
As matter whole you n' have to make it
with (As matter whole you have to make
it with F)
- 140 truths would be tales F: truths would be but
tales
- iii. 19 Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee,
is F: Thy demon—that's thy spirit which
keeps thee,—is
- III. ii. 58, 59 What willingly he did confound he wail'd;
Believe 't, till I weep too: What willingly
he did confound he wail'd, Believe 't, till I
wept too
- vi. 61 abstract F: obstruct
- vii. 31 this F: his
- IV. x. 39 eye F: eyes
- 50 dolts F: doits
- xiii. 11 shore F: star
- 62 see, my: see my F
- V. ii. 207 shalt: shall F

APPENDIX D

SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

Sir Thomas North: *Shakespeare's Plutarch*. Edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke. Vol. II. London, 1909.

John Dryden: *All for Love: or, The World Well Lost*. London, 1678. (Reprinted in the Variorum edition of H. H. Furness.)

Horace Howard Furness: *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra*. Philadelphia, 1907. (Indispensable for a study of the play. In addition to the notes, full accounts of stage productions and elaborate excerpts from criticisms of the play are included.)

A. C. Bradley: *Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.'* *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*. London, 1909.

W. Everett: *Six Cleopatras*. *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1905.

Mrs. Anna Jameson: *Characteristics of Women*. London, 1835.

S. T. Coleridge: *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and Other English Poets*. London, 1846. (Reprinted in the Everyman Library.)

William Hazlitt: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. London, 1817. (Reprinted in the Everyman Library.)

A. C. Swinburne: *A Study of Shakespeare*. London, 1880.

Guglielmo Ferrero: *Characters and Events of Roman History from Cæsar to Nero*. 'The History and Legend of Antony and Cleopatra.' New York, 1909. (An interesting study of the historical personages.)

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